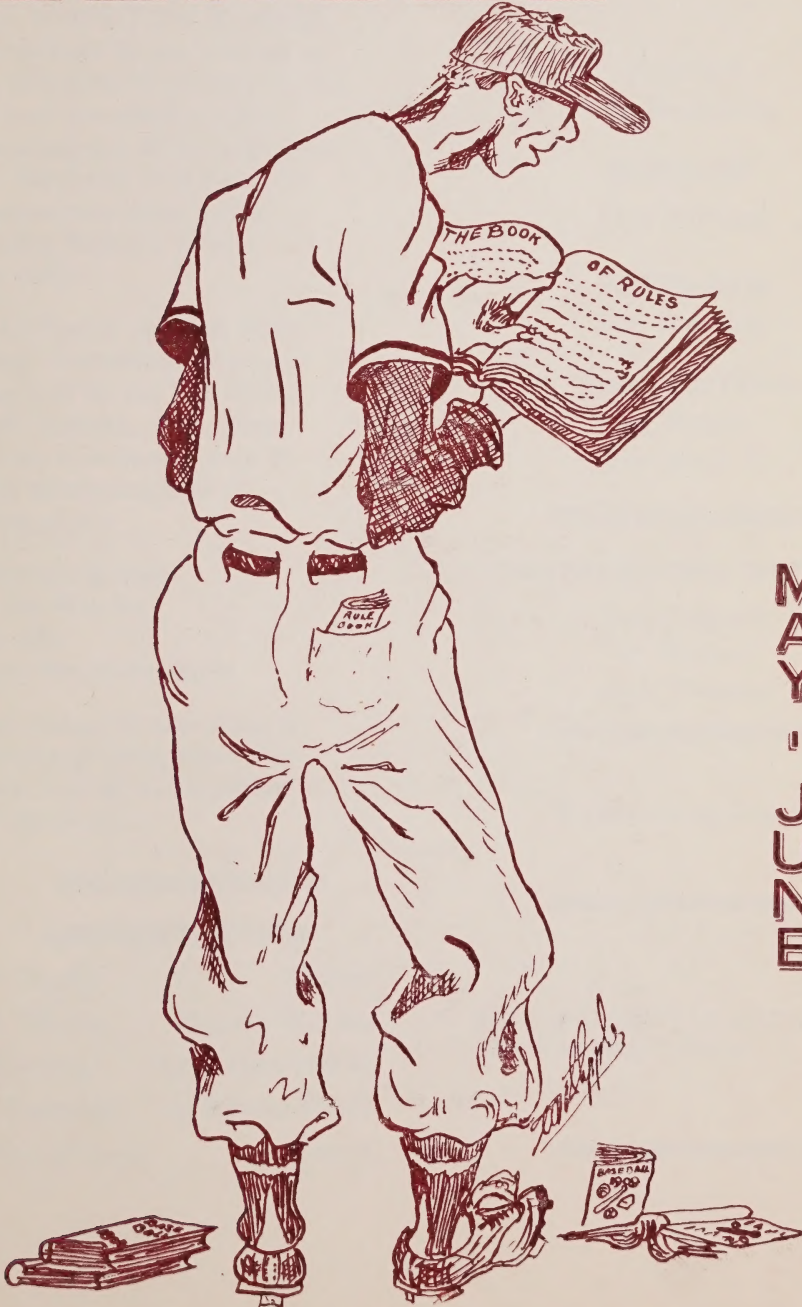


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ECHOES



MAY - JUNE



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MOUNTAIN

ECHOES

The MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary, with the kind permission of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, A.J. MacLeod. It is designed to promote a better understanding between inmate and public.

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The Editor's Page

No doubt many of you will be disappointed when you find that the two columns, Little Ronnie's Diary and Sam Sez, no longer appear on our pages. Both of these columns were written by former Associate Editor, Ron Duncan, who is no longer with us. As of yet we have been unable to find suitable material to replace them, but we promise that we will do our best to come up with something just as interesting and entertaining.

The March 31st Variety Show got such good coverage in the two Winnipeg newspapers, radio, etc., that it left nothing much for us to say. One of the highlights of the show was the presentation of two Gold Watches, donated by Mr. Rubin Helman of the Elgin Watch Company. The winners Ron Duncan and Leo Martin, were chosen by the members of the press, etc., at the request of Mr. Helman. Pictures of the two winners can be found on page 20.

To many of the men here, Hobbycraft is not only a way of passing the idle hours, but also a way in which to earn a stake for the day when they are released. Starting with this issue we will have a report on the many varied hobbies participated in here, written by Bob Sargeant.

At different times since the Mountain Echoes was first started in 1950, the A A. group here, the New Dawn, has contributed articles for publication. We hope that with the article that appears in this issue, the members will become regular contributors again.

In the feature article this month it says that the *ATLANTIAN*, the publication from the Atlanta, Georgia Penitentiary, has a meager \$5,000 budget. This must be the explanation for the reason their magazine is one of the best on the penal press circuit. I would just like to mention though, that their \$5,000 budget is equal to ours for 25 years.

"In an editorial office in Atlanta, Georgia, staff members of THE ATLANTIAN magazine gathered one morning not long ago to talk over with editor Paul D. Clark their plans for the next issue. At the meeting were writers, editors, artists, and photographers." These words were the beginning of the following article:

JOURNALISTS BEHIND BARS

by S.R. Editor, James F. Fixx

The prison press, of which The Atlantian is a distinguished part, is one of the most obscure and misunderstood backwaters of American journalism. Read mainly by prisoners, their families, and a handful of other people who for one reason or another take an interest in penology, is largely unknown to the very audience it is most anxious to reach — the ordinary person with a reasonable concern for the problems of his society. But despite this neglect, the best of the prison journals are among the liveliest, wittiest, and energetically Menckenesque publications that ever fractured a stereotype. Ranging from slickly professional quarterlies to mimeographed newsletters. The Penal Press serves as hometown paper, sounding board, and resident philosopher to a captive audience of 220,000 men and women in state and federal institutions. Equally important, it seeks to be a bridge between the outside world and what one prison columnist wryly calls his Walled - Off Astoria. "These publications are ineffectual if they are insular," says Pedro F. Crooms, editor of the Maryland Penitentiary's Courier. "If they are to be written for the inmates they must be written to the public — but before the public will take the trouble to read them, there must be something inside,

More often than not, there is indeed inside, despite a thicket of obstacles that would drive most journalists to a career of beachcombing. Plagued by inadequate printing equipment, a perennial shortage of editorial talent, and the constant and not always notably enlightened blue pencil of the censor, prison editors and their staffs nonetheless manage to produce magazines and newspapers that are distinguished by a vitality that would do

any publisher proud. Says Walter J. Faherty, editor of the Massachusetts Correctional Institution's *Mentor*: "Editing a penal publication is a delicate undertaking . . . if it is to serve any purpose beyond that of a provincial diary."

And the best prison publications are considerably more than provincial diaries. With an enlightened administration and some measure of editorial talent, they can be strikingly successful at getting a wide range of news and interpretation both to inmates and to such outside readers as they may have. There is, of course, a great deal of purely local news—sports ("With the graceful movements that he possesses while swinging a mop Willie 'Reno' Wright - 19167 threw the softball 275 feet 2 inches to win first place . . ."), prison regulations ("Institutional policy does not permit *Cavalier* magazines to enter the reformatory . . ."), humor ("Only 33 more shoplifting days 'til Christmas") and the comings and goings of inmates (John 'The Friendly Greek' Pelham, 'Mayor of the Lower Yard', is gone . . . He will be missed by all"). There is also a steady emphasis on prison policies and conditions—some of it startlingly outspoken. In a recent editorial, for example, Lawrence Snow, editor of the Kentucky State Penitentiary's *Castle on the Cumberland*, addressed himself to his outside readers with an explosive question:

. . . Most of us,—some authorities say as many as 80 per cent of us—will steal and kill and rape again. Why? What's wrong with prison and parole officers that makes them dump so many unrepentant hoods, yeggs, and thugs back into your laps? The truth is, of course, that they have little choice. In spite of a wealth of good intentions and new knowledge on the part of criminologists, penal institutions are still not equipped to cope with the individual offender. They cannot be until a large enough segment of the voting and tax-paying public decides they must be. . . .

In our more realistic moments most of us know that accepting responsibility for failure is the first and most important step in any real change for the better. But it is not incompatible with the acceptance of blame to ask for a hand on the way up. Largely because of public misinformation and misunderstanding about penal matters, that hand is either too often not available or it is actually exerting a downward push.

But routine local coverage and aggressive, articulate editorials are not the only stock in trade of the prison press. Some prison newspapers and magazines regularly undertake projects so ambitious that they would tax the facilities of many a private publication. Not long ago, for example, editor Robert L. Bauman of the Iowa State Penitentiary's *Presidio* surveyed Civil Service and other employment opportunities for those with criminal records. Bauman's findings, based on replies from thirty-three states, were published in a four-part series that gave all the pertinent facts from type of jobs available to pay scales. And at the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, the staff of *The New Era* undertook a prodigious task of questioning 700 inmates who admitted to juvenile delinquency records, asking them what factors they thought had contributed most to their delinquency. The result, a s creditable a piece of journalism as a n editor could ask for, turned up a wealth of statistical data, dissolved more than one myth and made informative reading for anyone interested in the interplay character and environment.

Among the most omnivorous readers of the prison press are the editors themselves, who each publication day mail out a flock of their journals in exchange for those of other institutions. In this way a lively cross-fertilization is created, and a first-rate article is likely to work its way, with due credit, into dozens of publications all over the country. Schooled in this journalistic barnstorming, the alert prison editor quickly becomes a sort of expert-in-residence and can easily tick off the relative merits of the scores of prison publications all the way from Raiford, Florida to Repressa, California. One publication, the Maryland Penitentiary's *Courier*, even sends out periodically a rating sheet under the aegis of exchange editor George Parker, with bouquets of stars to indicate who's ahead in the competitive game of intra-mural journalism.

Out of this barrage of self-criticism one fact emerges clearly: The best-edited penal publication, in the eyes of prison journalists themselves, is *The Atlantian*, a glossy-paper quarterly that has a way with its meager \$5,000 operating budget that would make any outside publisher look like a wastrel. Filled with photographs and drawings and lavishly laced with color, it covers an impressive range of ideas and activities inside and outside the penitentiary walls. The current golden anniversary issue, for example, includes in its fifty-six pages a long retrospective look at the institution from its founding to the present, results of an annual writing contest started at the penitentiary in 1947 by Margaret ("Gone With the Wind") Mitchell, short stories, verse, an essay on crime prevention, and page after page of inmates'

pictures as they do everything from participating in Alcoholics Anonymous to stepping into a forehand on the tennis court. Says one rival, managing editor William R. Larkins of the Indiana State Prison's Lake Shore Outlook: "It is a slick, professional job that rivals many outside publications. It is evident that it comes out of a modern plant and the printing is superb. But besides the printing, the contents of each issue put it at the top of the list."

In the issue just out, writer Jefferson Dunn explains the editorial policy that keeps The Atlantian in first place: Although the editor discusses each issue carefully with his supervisor, and often seeks his opinion, censorship, as such, is nonexistent. The Atlantian is not opposed to printing controversial material, but it feels that if it seeks to denounce or destroy, it should offer something constructive in return. Articles filled with petty gripes and hates are not solicited, and are returned if contributed — anything detrimental to the welfare of the prisoners is not welcome."

This policy, together with the editorial know-how to carry it out, has given The Atlantian such a high place among penal publications that almost no prison editor is disposed to argue that it shouldn't be ranked at the top or at least close to it. An extensive inquiry among prison journalists did however, reveal one dissenter: Tom Whiteside, the articulate and outspoken editor of the The Angolite, published at the state prison in Angola, Louisiana. Says Whiteside: "The Atlantian has gone over to the sociologists, the theorists among employed personnel. It no more reflects prison life than Kant or St. Thomas reflected the lives of the common people in their ages. Philosophy, erudite sociology, and the like have their place in the affairs of men, and, perchance, the philosophy of yesterday may determine what the man of today is, but to write news we must stick close to a man's belly and his adventures in reality rather than go all out in abstract thought."

Along with a number of other prison editors, Whiteside argues that censorship is the single problem most destructive of good journalism. "Most prison publications," he says, "give, as their reason for existence, the 'opportunity afforded the inmate body for self-expression.' To us this is hogwash. To begin with, very few of the inmates contribute to the publications and the writings of those who do are censored. In some cases the censorship is so rigid that the writing is like carved ice."

At the same time, there are signs that censorship is becoming less severe problem as administrative officials and penologists become increasingly aware that, since one purpose of the prison press is communication with readers beyond the walls, any editorial limitations are automatically self-defeating. Commenting on the growing readership of the prison press

among sociologists, penologists, jurists, and ordinary citizens concerned with prison reform (one estimate puts it at about 30 per cent of total circulation), R.E. Upton Jr., education director of the Florida State Prison at Raiford, observes: "Censorship of the prison press is less and less in evidence today as . . . administrators recognize that public interest in prison problems is necessary. This de-control of inmate publications has encouraged a change in content from the 'joke book' of a decade ago to the truly penological investigative journal of today. Both inmates and penologists are seeking answers to common problems."

The penal press, a uniquely American invention, apparently had its beginning in 1883 when the New York State Reformatory at Elmira started publishing its weekly newspaper, *The Summary*. In the eighty years since, it has grown not only in technical and editorial skill but also in its philosophy, which reflects a sure-handed knowledge of the prison publication's challenges. This fact is nowhere more evident than in the comments of the editors themselves when they discuss the role of their journals:

"Though our paper is written, edited and printed by and for inmates we always have the enlightenment of the public in mind. We hope to communicate to the public that we are men and women, not ogres, as they so often believe . . . Penology can only inch forward in the face of misconceptions, traditional fear, and blind prejudice. We hope our efforts help dissipate these things" (Walter J. Faherty, editor, *The Mentor*, Massachusetts Correctional Institution, South Walpole, Massachusetts).

"It seems to me that public education, or propaganda if you prefer, is the real role of the prison publication. Most people have a pretty hazy idea of what prisons and prisoners are like, even after completing the usual high school or college course in introductory sociology. Many, if they think of prisons at all, think of them either as places where men are subjected to all sorts of physical and spiritual torment and brutality—which is seldom true these days — or as reformation factories where erring offenders are magically transformed into tame and respectable and productive members of society—which has never been true. They think of prisoners as either Burt Lancaster in stripes, if they are romantically inclined or have read too much cheap fiction, or as totally evil and degenerate and feeble-minded types who are better off in prison anyway. Reading prison press publications won't always correct their thinking, because some of us try to perpetrate the more romantic ideas about us; but when the editor and his writers are conscientious and objective and let the readers form their own conclusions from the material they publish, real good is done" (Tom Whiteside, editor, *The*

concluded on page 21

ALF GREY TROPHY

by Sam Klein

It was a cool evening on Wednesday the 17th of March, 1963. Arrivals from Winnipeg had assembled in the Officers Dining Hall. While friendly greetings were being exchanged with the inmates, the underlying theme was the yearly competition for the Alf Grey Trophy.

Under the chairmanship of Don Benstead the meeting quickly came to order as visitors and inmates alternately introduced themselves.

Topic for the contest was to be a prepared speech concerning "An Exhibit." Both the Winnipeg and Stony Mountain Dale Carnegie Alumni would compete with three members representing each group.

Frank Desmerais and Bob Maltman led the meeting in a warm-up to put things on a friendly and informal basis.

From the Winnipeg Alumni, Mr. Tony Hildebrand got the ball rolling. Everyone present snapped to attention when Tony twisted his body and vigorously swung his right arm. There was a loud click, and from a gleaming silver object in his hand came the beam of a light. This was a transistor powered golf swing-chronizer. The light comes on at the peak of the stroke. Through practice the golf player learns to hit the ball at a point of maximum efficiency.

With an imaginative subject of "Money" Bob Sargent started things off for the Stony Mountain Dale Carnegie Alumni. The object was all of \$2,659,000, found by two house wreckers in New Jersey last summer. He invited each one of us to try and spend it successfully without attracting attention. Did you know that if a man was able to bank \$100 a week without any notice it would take over 400 years to bank the whole amount?

Success through perseverance was George Kent's topic. As an exhibit he showed ten years of examination papers for Chartered Accountancy.

Tony Holowaty held the attention of everyone with an authoritative history of "The Pencil." Would you believe that if you could travel on the lead of a pencil it would take you thirty-seven miles?

At this point Don Hambleton and Ryan Vallely varied proceedings with a warm-up— "Its A Good Time To Get Acquainted."

Resuming the competition Walter McCracken literally swamped the audience with his exhibits. There was a straight razor and razor strap, a safety razor with shaving mug and shaving brush, a Schick electric razor and cordless Remington electric razor. The history of shaving proved to be a fascinating subject.

Winding up for the Stony Mountain Dale Carnegie Alumni Jack Wannop used a "Pane Of Glass" for his exhibit. He went on to show the startling similarity between the wear and tear on the human mind and that of the pane of glass.

During the intermission the judges conferred on a decision while coffee and cake were being served. Charles Belton, D. Clark and Paul S. were judges for the affair.

The competition had been so keen that a definite decision was very difficult to make. To break the suspense Mr. Clark finally declared the Winnipeg Alumni as winners. Paul S. cited Walter McCracken as number one and Bob Sargeant as number two in the standings. Charles Belton then gave a detailed summary of each speaker.

Alf Grey, popular sponsor of the Dale Carnegie course, presented the trophy to Walter McCracken, team representative of the Winnipeg group. He graciously accepted on behalf of himself and the entire Winnipeg Dale Carnegie Alumni.

On behalf of the warden Mr. J. D. Weir, extended thanks to all the guests for interrupting their outside activities to attend the competition.

Alf Grey set May 8, 1963 as the date for the Edgar Balsaw Trophy Competition. "The Most Unforgettable Character" would be the subject.

Noah NeseKapaw consented to show everyone how to fire three shells from a single barreled shotgun. To those who consider it impossible it was very enlightening.

The balance of a very successful evening was filled in with commentaries from the audience. Mr. A. Shirliffe extended congratulations to the winners.

HOBBY CORNER

by SARGEANT

Since the success of our hobby display which was held on Sunday March 31, 1963, and was attended by 900 *outsiders*, I will have the pleasure of showing our subscribers- via pictures- a few of the hobbies that are put out by the inmates. Several different types of hobbies are made such as the following:

Leathercraft, Petit Point, Woodwork, Copper Tooling, Glass Paintings, Oil Paintings, Wool Needlework and many others which shall be shown as we progress from exhibition to edition.

There are many items such as, Ladies Hand Bags, Photo Albums, Wallets, Pocket-Secretary, Keycases, Beach Shoes, Frames for pictures, Gun Holsters and many other items too numerous to mention. Initials may be carved on these also.

To me this is classed as an art, as many tedious hours and much patience is required for this hobby. There are numerous decorations such as floral designs, figure designs badge emblems and school crests, that may be carved in the leather. English Morocco purses, wallets, etc., are some of the popular lines.

Men incarcerated in here do these hobby projects as means to better themselves financially for their release. All items that are sold are credited to the inmates trust fund and upon his release he will receive this money.

Anyone wishing to view our Hobby Room, may do so on Monday through Friday between 9:00 - 11:00 A.M., and also from 1:00 - 4:00 P.M.

For further information phone or write; The Warden: Attention R.E. Howard, Hobby Officer, Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba.



THE
CIRCUS
IS
COMING!

by D. Windsor

“The circus is coming ! The CIR - CUS is COM - ING !”

Yes, everyone loves a circus or a circus parade but I'm a bit different. Oh I used to stand on the street corners and watch the parades as well as the next kid but what I enjoyed more was the sight of a circus train either arriving in town or just passing through. This is where I showed my colors.

You see, my father was a railroad engineer and, during the spring and fall months, he would tip me off as to when and what circus trains would be passing through. Just imagine the importance and esteem I could show the other kids whenever I said, “well (scratching my head) I guess I'll go and watch a circus train” and start strolling nonchalantly towards the overhead bridge or, if anyway near four o'clock, head towards the station. (All trains stopped for twenty minutes). I bet they were green with envy although not one would admit he knew nothing of the arrival of a circus train. None - the - less, the Pied Piper couldn't have done a better job of leading us as was done on these days.

At the appointed hour, fifteen or twenty of us would be laughing and jostling one another while standing on the station platform. The expressmen and other station attendants would be struggling and wrestling with their express-wagons, trying to get them through but to no avail, In the end they eventually gave up and waited in anticipation, as we were, until finally, down the tracks we could hear the long drawn out whistle. “Here she comes!”

Standing on the station platform and looking East, there is a long lazy curve in the tracks that obstructs a person's view until a train is almost at the station. The first object that can be seen, at the arrival of the train, is the front of the locomotive; then the sides until the cars are in view. Such was the case as we stood there this day.

Gliding around the curve was the biggest, shiniest and blackest locomotive we had ever seen. The statisticians, in the group noted that it was a 4-6-4 series with 50% drawbar force, but to us “stupids” it was just a plain, big engine with a lot of shiny brass. As we cheered and waved, the fireman and brakeman gave us a cursory glance and then continued to stare stonily ahead. No doubt they met this sort of delegation at each and every stop.

Amidst much hissing and snorting, the train finally came to a stop and, with it, the train crew began its job of checking air lines, steam lines, couplings and bearing boxes. But whom, may I ask, is interested in a piece of oily waste when there are so many more glamorous things to look at?

For example, look at the colors; red, blue, yellow, green and gold. The huge letters spelling out the na - - - no, it says "The Greatest Show On Earth" in bright gold and red paint. And the people - - - REAL circus people all hurrying to grab a quick sandwich, a magazine, cigarettes or coffee.

Look, there's the Thin Man; the Fat Lady waddling along; the Tattooed Man and the Human Hyena. Wow! And - - - well look at this! Ain't they cute? Down the steps come Mr. Tom Thumb Jr. and his recent bride looking as flushed and happy as any bride and groom should. Say, isn't that - - - ? Sure, there's Mr. Kelly, the world's most famous clown; and over there, talking to the Bearded Lady are the trapeze stars looking just as calm and cool, on the ground, as they do eighty feet in the air.

Suddenly a gust of wind draws our attention away from the people and onto something just as exciting. Animals! Following our noses, we hurried down the length of the train until we came to the first animal car. Here was pure jungle savagery; four separate cages housed Simba, Lupo, Taffy and Aga (short for Aga Kahn). We shuddered to think what would happen if all four lions were to be let loose in the same cage. Next came the very sedate giraffe and all his family; the camel; the chattering monkeys; Mighty Joe Young II; horses, both big and small; the lioness' and their kittens; the tigers - - - and isn't that a Bengal? The supply cars with their bitter sweet odor of hay, clover and other feed; the trainer's quarters; finally there were the elephants, bulldozers of the animal world; strategically placed at the end of the train, handy for a quick set-up. Look at those ears, the trunk and listen to him trumpet.

But, as must happen, all good things must come to an end. We would watch all the famous personage clamber aboard; the conductor would stroll anxiously up and down the platform, glancing every so often at his watch, then holler, "BO---ARD"; the engineer would give two short toots on the whistle, take up any slack in the cars, hold it, then start the train forward, slowly at first but continually gaining speed. Moving rapidly out of sight and on their way to gladden someone else's heart, were the Fat Lady, Tom Thumb, Simba and even the grease covered cook.

The whistle sounds it's mournful call and reminds each of us, young and old, that our dreams of the past twenty minutes were nothing more than fantasies of the mind. Hell, who wants to live on a train; travel from coast to coast and back again; meeting new and strange people everyday; having fun and getting paid for it? Who wanted that? I did! But I'm still standing on the corners watching the parades pass by.

MOTHER

You may have thought that I had forgotten this day

Dedicated to you Mother,

If so, I'll try to express in my own sort of way

How much you mean to me Mother.

If I were to travel to the end of the earth

Nowhere would I find Mother,

Someone so close and dear, since the day of my birth

As you, my own dear Mother.

They could take all the riches found in this world today

And a million times more Mother,

It would not be enough treasure for me to repay

For your love through the years Mother.

Though I cannot be home to share this day with you

I'm asking God to send your way,

All the happiness, joy and love, all day through

To last you till next Mother's day.

Why do we have AA in our Prisons?

(AN A.A. TALK BY ROBERT H.)

(Editors note:) The following talk is reprinted from the October 1962 edition of AwAy, the A.A. publication of the Nebraska State Penitentiary.

First off, hello out there to all A.A. members and friends. I've been in our group here about two years, and I enjoy it immensely. Not being much for speech making or expressing my opinion outwardly, I undoubtedly appear as a mute bystander in our A.A. meetings. However I had a very severe problem for many years of over indulging to forget my problems temporarily. Insignificant as they probably appeared to others, they assumed great proportions to me personally especially in periods of depression. Therefore, I sincerely enjoy the A.A. program, its philosophy, and the sincerity and the eagerness of the members to lend a helping hand to others struggling with an affliction that alone they cannot conquer.

To succeed in any phase of life, one can by no means be completely independent. Regardless of one's own integrity, initiative, or power of self-control, he must associate with, and have the help of others to be a real true success, whether this help be parents, wives, or business associates. They are needed if one is to attain any worthwhile ventures.

To those of us who have never had this help before, our associates in the A.A. groups are endeared to us that much more. Also, it is equally important that an individual help others if he is to succeed in life, and he must also feel that help is needed, and appreciated by the recipients. In A.A. there is no greater fact than this; and the proof is in every medical or professional survey that the A.A. program does work; although they readily admit they cannot understand it in its complexity or should we say simplicity. It is the only proven method by which others are accepting help, and giving it to others. One of the basic attributes of the program's success is that everyone there is trying to better himself; so there need be no fear of ridicule or degradation of status when one inquires on specific problem. The absurd questions that are sometimes asked by those outside of A.A., are explained to the best of our own personal knowledge on the progress and happiness we have derived personally from the program. Some of the questions are synonymous with those concerning church in prison. One of the most common is: "What in the world is a guy like him doing in church?" Personally, I've always considered that this is where the "worst" should go to strive to become one of the "best." I think the same rule applies to A.A.

Another frequent question is : "When there is no chance of drinking in prison, why go to A.A. ? It is possible, but not probable, that I differ from most; but personally, I detest the taste of whiskey. However, I consumed enough to stagger even my own imagination. Why? Because I had problems I could not face alone. Therefore, I drank to give myself a temporary anesthetic. In prison, I can work on those problems that were driving me to "drown" my troubles. Of course, many more problems arose after every binge I went on, causing a vicious cycle that gave me the most miserable years of my life. How utterly mistaken the ignorant are when they think a person is happy when they see him getting soused everyday. He may be laughing or joking, but deep inside he is the bluest and most lonesome of all people on the face of the earth.

While taking the cure four years ago, the doctor, in his consultation with me, stated some of the facts and figures surrounding my era of drinking. He stated that under the same stresses and strains, he would have done exactly the same things that I did. He condoned my drinking in every respect; saying that if I had not used drinking as a safety valve, I would have been much worse off. He tactfully told me what I could do and say to help others understand my problems and desires, so they could lend a hand when I was low in spirits or depressed. This is always a danger signal that precedes a bender — at least this is what I was told by my wife and those who were close to me. While explaining these things to me, the doctor very subtly opened my eyes to my own troubles and weaknesses.

After six months of total sobriety, I fell off of the wagon. During those six months, I began to take pride in myself once again, and prospered in every conceivable way. Why I fell, I do not know. I had reasons and excuses; some shallow, some legitimate, but none to overrule the happiness I knew during those brief but wonderful months of abstinence.

Sometimes, I get to thinking that it will hurt to break the ties with people I have associated with for so long; some were not real friends anyhow, if one stops to weigh the true meaning of friendship. If some difficulties or changes do come from living a life of sobriety, they can be likened unto a heavy winter overcoat: It may be uncomfortable and cumbersome at times, but a person would be many more times miserable without it.

I'm going to use A.A. as my personal overcoat, and I'll see to it that it's large enough to share with a buddy who may be freezing to death in the cold winter of rejection, despair, loneliness, and drunkenness.

"A Day at a time."

The clock of life is wound but once and no man has the power to tell just when the hands will stop, at a late or an early hour. Now is the only time you own. Live, love, toil with a will; place no faith in tomorrow, for the clock may then be still.

SPEAKERS CONTEST #2

BALSHAW TROPHY

The annual Wind-up and Prepared Speech Contest, sponsored by the Winnipeg Dale Carnegie Alumni, took place on Wednesday, May 8th, at the Valour Rd. Legion Hall. For the second consecutive year the Stony Mountain Alumni were represented at the fete.

John McCrindle, President of the Winnipeg Alumni, asked the audience to stand and sing O' Canada. George Jackson said Grace then we all sat down to a sumptuous supper. During the course of the meal slips of paper were passed around to the tables and we were asked to write down what we thought would be an interesting topic for an Impromptu Speech. There would be a few members of the graduating class called upon to give these talks.

After the meal John McCrindle introduced the guests seated at the head table. They were; Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Grey, Warden and Mrs. F.S. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Norman and Mrs. McCrindle. He then called upon Mr. Grey, Dale Carnegie Course Sponsor, to say a few words.

Mr. Grey described this as a very auspicious occasion. Besides being the wind-up of present Alumni term it was the Graduation night for class 45 and the Stony Mountain Alumni were represented once again in the Ed. Balshaw Speech Contest. He gave a summary of how the two groups began competing against each other.

A couple of Prepared Speeches, not included in the contest, were given by graduates of earlier classes. Irv. Grainger then conducted the Impromptu Session. (Irv. is one of the three popular Dale Carnegie Course Instructors.) Elaine, an attractive Registered Nurse, spoke on her job. Ken Baker picked television, John Martin's choice was advertising while Bill Shewchuk spoke on friendship. The Diplomas were then presented to the Graduating members of Class 45 by Alf. Grey.

Warden F.S. Harris made a presentation on behalf of the Stony Mountain Alumni. In the Alf. Grey contest, held a few weeks earlier, the Winnipeg Alumni won top honors. Walter McCrackin was judged the best speaker and Warden Harris presented him with a Cup to commemorate the occasion.

The Ed. Balshaw Speech Contest was conducted by Geo. Jackson of the Winnipeg Alumni. Marjorie, representing the Winnipeg Alumni, was the first speaker. Her most Unforgettable Character was a Doctor for whom

she once worked. Don Benstead of the Stony Mountain Alumni followed and talked on his Father. Tony Hildebrand spoke on a Landlady he once had while Bob Maltman talked on his old Football coach. Then Walter McCracken told of a friend of his who was hospitalized. Frank Desmarais also spoke on a friend and how he lost his life in an automobile accident. George Jackson conducted the contest and between speakers he told a little bit about the Balshaw Trophy. Ed. Balshaw graduated from the first class to be held in Winnipeg. At the time he was a branch manager with the Safeway Stores. He is now one of their top echelon in Washington, D.C.

There were some door prizes to be given out and they chose this time to make the draws for them. Just to show you how my luck runs, the numbers that were drawn in two of the cases were 91 and 3. I had 92 and 4. Can you come any closer?

The judges were now ready to give their decision. They elected Mr. Graham Norman as their representative. He had some very enlightening comments on the talks, and the choice of subject. When it came time to announce their choice as winner we had to agree with them. They chose Mr. Tony Hildebrand. Mr. Norman then presented him with the Balshaw Trophy and a miniature trophy for him to keep as a remembrance. The other speakers were all presented with Silver Spoons to commemorate the occasion.

That was all for this year, except for the dancing. The Winnipeg Alumni were well prepared for us this year and were able to regain the trophy they had lost last year besides winning a new one. But this just means that we will have to be well prepared for next years contests as the Trophys both look better when they are on display where we can see them whenever we want. Our thanks go out to all who made this contest possible and to the men who represented us, Don Benstead, Bob Maltman, and Frank Desmarais.

RULES FROM

"HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE"

- 1. Don't criticize, condemn or complain.**
- 2. Give honest sincere appreciation.**
- 3. Arouse in the other person an eager want.**
- 4. Become genuinely interested in other people**
- 5. Smile.**



Rubin Hellman shakes hands with Ron Duncan after the announcement that Ron won one of the gold watches.



Leo Martin, also a winner, puts on his drunk act again, to the delight of the audience.

continued from page 8

Angolite, Louisiana State Prison, Angola, Louisian).

If the first task of the press is simply to be aware of its task, prison journalists as a whole would seem to rate high. Dsepite the fact that many of them must produce their publications under conditions unimaginable to any outside editor or reporter with a paste pot to call his own, they nevertheless turn out some of the most relevant and responsible journal to be found anywhere. And the best of them, conscious of the special role of the prison press, express only to main concerns—that despite the accessibility of most prison publications, few outsiders are even aware of the job the are doing; and that, when the prison journalist is finally released, he will stand an almost nonexistent chance of being asked to put to use some of the ruggedest and most valuable on-the-job training available anywhere. •

BRIDGE TOURNAMENT

Conducted during recreational periods a Contract Bridge Tournament proved to be most enjoyable to those participating. The Tournament was open to all, and a total of 24 pairs commenced to play on April 6. Games in the elimination rounds were set at 5000 points and a pair had to be defeated twice before being eliminated. When the starting 24 pairs had been reduced to 8 pairs a Semi - Final series began and games were set at 7500 points. As in the preliminaries a pair had to suffer 2 defeats before bowing ont. Finally only 2 pairs were remaining and these two played a best of three game series for the championship.

Emerging as Stony Mountain Bridge Champions was the pair of Zelinski and Morgan. This pair was given a strong challenge by Fowler and Yee, and were deserving of the title and prizes which came from our Welfare Fund.

With no attempt in any way to lessen the stature of our Champions this writer, who was the Tournament Director, feels that there were strong pairs who were eliminated in the early rounds as the result of a frown from "Lady Luck". This writer saw several games in which weak pairs held very strong hands— to the utter frustration of their opponents. There is great interest in Bridge among the men and in all probability many more would participate in future tournaments if the influence of the Fickle Lady were minimized.

Duplicate Bridge is of course the answer but unfortunately we do not have the equipment, know-how, etc., to run such a tournament. This writer has requested the Sports Director to obtain some information, and who knows, perhaps one day we may be able to conduct an honest to goodness competition where the champions would be able to say with full justification "The cream comes to the top."

S P O R T S

SECTION

SPORTS BANQUET

The final event of the winter sports program was a Banquet, held in the officer's Dining Room on the afternoon of Saturday, April 27th. Both the Basketball and the Hockey Champions were honoured as well as the top scorers in each sport. Representing the administration was Mr. H.J. Wickey, Deputy Warden, Mr. H. Black and Mr. J.D. Weir, Asst. Deputy Wardens, Recreational Supervisor, W.J. Hancock, Asst. Recreational Supervisor, B.A. Brown, and special guest, Joe Vinet, well known hockey player and referee.

Mr. Hancock, acting as Chairman, welcomed everyone and gave thanks to the administration for their help during the year and for making this banquet possible. He then called upon Deputy Warden Wickey for comments.

Mr. Wickey said that he had been accused of many things but never of having missed a good meal. He offered his congratulations to the participants and to the Welfare Committee for having completed a successful season. A/D/ Warden Black stated that he was pleased to be there and went on to caution us not to forget that it took a lot of sweat and lost remission to get the things we now have. A/D/ Warden Weir congratulated everyone and urged them to support the Inmate Welfare Committee.

Mr. Hancock gave thanks to Mr. Vinet and was supported by a tremendous round of applause. Mr. Vinet said that he was glad that he had been invited out and congratulated the Champions. He said that the hockey out here was easier to referee than that in other leagues. A get together was suggested for sometime around the middle of November, before we have ice, and stated that he would try and get some of the younger referees from the city to come out here. We are looking forward to this meeting.

Mr. Hancock thanked all the officials and the Committee for the help they gave in making this season a success. He then called on Deputy Warden Wickey to present the Hockey Trophy to the Warriors, undisputed 1962-63 Champions.

Frank L, Captain of the team, accepted the trophy on their behalf. He said that he considered it an honor to do this. Frank then introduced various members of the team and gave them credit for their endeavors during the season. Then Frank gave a rousing yell, "MIGHTY WARRIORS, HURRAY".

Mr. Hancock congratulated the Basketball Champions, the Trojans, There was no trophy to present but we hope that this may be rectified soon

High scorers in both leagues were congratulated for their efforts and Sportsmanship. They were, Pat V, Hockey, and Ray Klyne, Basketball.

On behalf of the Welfare Committee Al Albertini expressed thanks to the Officials, the Players, the Administration and to the Kitchen Staff who prepared the sumptuous dinner we had. Everyone joined in to thank the Kitchen Crew with a round of applause.



ON THE BALL

by Sam Klein

Baseball season has rolled around again and the cleaners can stop worrying about snow being tracked all over the dome. Its mud they're bringing in now, and lots of it.

The Stony Mountain Giants didn't play their first Sunday league game because the rain is trying to catch up to the Winnipeg Flood. If it rains enough all our Giant games will be a success.

Oh well, if money could buy happiness for baseball fans it would be too expensive anyway.

The "A" League has been divided up into three teams this year. They are as follows: the Yankees with Johnson as coach; the Twins with Allan as coach; and the Red Sox with McGee as coach.

"B" League outnumbered the "A" with six teams in its fold: Cubs—coach Trout, Bisons—coach Cavanagh, Royals—coach Oster, Cobras—coach Beaulieu, Aces—coach Sanderson, Canucks—coach Wilson.

The schedule started in earnest on Tuesday May 14th, 1963. Until then all play was exhibition games in order to practice and mould the respective teams. Under the capable supervision of Teddy Bear, Commissioner of Baseball, both rules and regulations were established, and player trading was completed.

To date one player has been suspended for the season for striking an umpire. No violation of any kind will be tolerated by the Commissioner. If this seems harsh, its balanced out by the fact that what applies to one team or player, applies to all of them without prejudice or favoritism.

Eighteen men play a game of baseball and a potential 500 fans can watch them. Did you ever stop to realize that those who play are the only ones who have any official direction in the matter of rules and regulations? The 500 are allowed to run wild. Whatever course of behavior a fan follows at a game he makes up for himself. Any volunteers for Commissioner of Baseball Fans?



HOW CUM DEPT. Mike Kelly, captain for Boston, was sitting on the bench one July afternoon in 1889. The Cincinnati batter hit a high foul which travelled down in the direction of third base. Although he was chasing the ball, it was apparent that the catcher couldn't reach it. Quick as flash, Kelly leaped from the bench, announced in a loud voice "Kelly now catching for Boston," and with all the nonchalance in the world he caught the descending ball.

This made the exchange in catchers official. Afterwards a rule was adopted requiring all substitutes in the course of a game to be announced by the umpire.

One sees nothing like that in games these days. I think that if playing rules have made for progress some of them have served to rob the sport of much of the surprise and glamour of the old days.



waiting . . .



waiting . . .



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